When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsweare my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and haystackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emill. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Lucius. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,